



All Traitors, &c.

A NEW SONG.

Tune---Old Towler.

(SOLD BY J. EVANS, NO. 41, LONG-LANE.)

BRIGHT Phoebus now proclaims the day
Fame glorious sounds her horn,
Each loyal soldier hastes away,
And treats all dread with scorn;
By honor call'd, they march along,
Their enemies defy,
While thro' the ranks is heard the song,
All traitors they must die.

CHORUS.

*With a hey ho steady,
To seize the rebels be ready,
With a hey ho steady,
To crush the rebels be ready,
Be ready, be ready,
Undaunted be ready and steady,
While thro' the ranks is heard the song,
All traitors they must die!*

The Orange Boys they are sent out,
With joy they scamp apace,
Beating the neighb'ring wood about,
Searching from place to place;
But it is in vain, the Crops are gone,
Not one can they discern,
Enraged then they raise song,
All traitors they must die!

But should they dare to shew their force,
How happy should we be,
We'll stop their midnight murd'ring course,
And soon the nation free:
To George's standard we will throng,
While weltring round they lie,
And rend the air with our fam'd song,
All traitors they must die.

